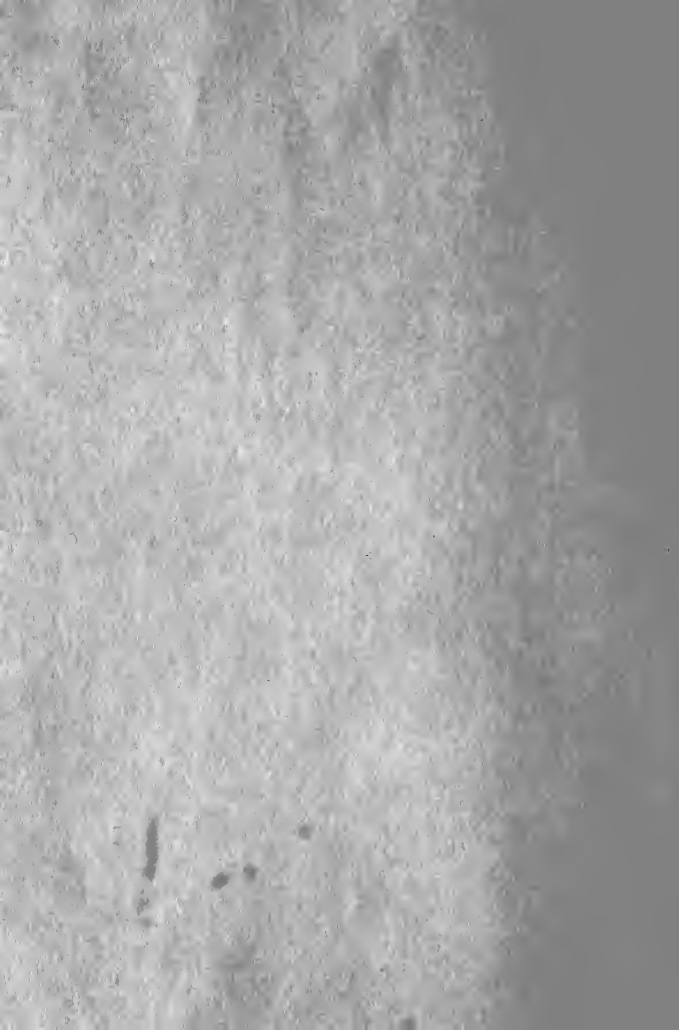


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THE
BLUE ^{AND} GRAY
AND
24 New Songs.

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BY H. A. PEASLEE,
COLUMBUS, GA.

V. P. Sisson, Printer, Atlanta, Ga.

1885

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THE BLUE AND GRAY.

Most bravely they met each other
 On many a hard-fought battle-field;
 Brother sometimes fighting brother,
 And neither Blue nor Gray would yield.
 Many times have been seen
 Large fields covered with the slain,
 And neither the ground would yield,
 But fought the battle o'er again.

CHORUS—And now they meet again,
 With banners and music gay
 Re-echoing from o'er the plain
 And the mountains far away.

No braver foemen ever met!
 The Blue and Gray now feel;
 Oh! they never can forget
 They were worthy each other's steel,
 While the shot and shell were flying
 Through the night and through the day,
 Among the living, the dead, and dying,
 Dealing death to the Blue and Gray.

CHORUS.

Long they fought, and fought well—
 Most bravely with each other—
 And in the fierce battle fell,
 Bravely meeting death together.
 Only a few short years ago
 They met in battle's fierce array;
 Blood of the bravest men did flow,
 Of the Blue and of the Gray.

CHORUS.

Once more we see the bayonet,
 Bright glistening in the sun;
 Again the Blue and Gray have met—
 Not war, but peace, begun.
 Most happy of all their meeting,
 With sword and rifle bright,
 Each meets with a brother's greeting,
 And the Blue and the Gray unite!

CHORUS.

Should ever war's fierce, fiery tide
 Roll back again to our land so fair,
 The Blue and the Gray, side by side,
 Will be found bravely fighting there.
 Now they meet as friend and brother,
 As, dear friends, they meet today,
 Crowning with laurel now together
 All those graves of Blue and Gray.

CHORUS.

THE JESSAMINE.

Sweet jessamine, the first in spring
 To come with fragrance sweet—
 Come when the songsters sing,
 Come their sweetest songs to greet.
 Beautiful, beautiful flowers
 Of the brightest, purest golden hue,
 Covering high the leafy bowers
 All the sunny southland through.

CHORUS—Like the sweet, fragrant jessamine
 Would I wish my friend to be—
 That in life would be mine,
 And in death would cling to me.

How thy lovely, blooming vine,
 Clinging to trees high in air,
 Like a friend doth closely twine,
 With thy sweet fragrance there.
 Oft many times we have seen
 Thee to thy supporter firmly wed,
 In thy wealth of gold and green,
 While the tree was long since dead.

Chorus.

LOVERS' LEAP.

Roll on, Chattahoochee, to the sea,
Thou beautiful river of water !
Soon thou will join the Uchee,
And Flint, thy fairest daughter.

'Tis of the hunting ground between
Here and the Uchee's fair creek,
And Georgia's fields waving so green,
That we would now speak.

And Alabama's hills, so high, so fair—
For no river rolling so deep
Could be to them a boundary there—
Their swift canoe would o'er it sweep.

Near to these old hunting grounds
Are to this day to be seen
Many well-known Indian mounds,
Both in woods and fields so green.

Quartz and flint arrow-heads are found
To this day, thickly scattered o'er
This old Indian hunting ground,
Near to the Chattahoochee's shore,

Where the waters of the Chattahoochee fall
In boiling currents the rocks between ;
Where the pine trees grow so tall,
Overtopping all the forest green—

There is the rock called Lovers' Leap,
 Towering so high up in the air,
 Overhanging the foaming waters deep,
 Amid the grandest scenery there.

Years ago the Indians roamed at will
 All over this broad, fair land,
 With naught to do but chase and kill
 The game that daily came to hand.

And the chief of the Cussetas
 Had a daughter the most fair;
 And young Eagle, of the Cowetas,
 All this maiden's love did share.

But—so they say—love has eyes,
 Though the lips may never speak;
 Each found in the other a prize,
 And they did no further seek.

Their trysting place was at Lovers' Leap,
 Darkly shaded by many a vine;
 And each the other's heart did keep,
 Beneath the grape and muscadine.

The chief of all this soon did hear,
 And like a statue firm he stood.
 "My Morning Star is to me most dear,
 But I will have young Eagle's blood.

"Listen now, for I, your chief, do speak—
 Up, and for young Eagle's scalp away!
 Bring it to me, and you may seek
 My Morning Star on the same day."

Says the chief to his young braves,
 As in council they did smoke,
 "All but one of you are knaves,
 And he my Morning Star shall take.

"The one that his scalp shall bring
 Shall be chief of this fair hunting ground;
 The Morning Star to him shall sing,
 For none more brave can be found."

Out they rushed like the wild wind
 For many miles the forest o'er,
 Knowing that they must him find,
 Or see their chief in peace no more.

Like the wind o'er the forest they flew,
 Tracking young Eagle, of the Cowetas;
 Thick as the autumn's falling dews
 Were the young braves of the Cussetas.

One night the chief's daughter fair,
 While walking in the green, leafy wood
 Met with her brave young Eagle there—
 Clapsed in each other's arms they stood.

At last, beneath a clustering grove,
 Close to the rock of Lovers' Leap,
 They saw the Star and Eagle brave,
 And silently to them did creep.

But the young Eagle's open ear
 Soon heard the almost silent shock.
 "My Morning Star, our foes are here—
 We'll go up to the highest rock."

And as their wild pursuers came,
 Up to the highest rock they creep—
 Up to the very highest dome
 Of the highest rock of Lovers' Leap.

But with their sharp eagle eye
 Their pursuers saw it all plain,
 And to the Morning Star did cry
 To come most quickly down again.

"Listen now, you young braves;
 I, daughter of the Cussetas, speak :
 We will never be your slaves—
 Go now, your wigwams seek."

"Daughter of the Cussetas, we want no slave;
 We want you as our fair queen;
 But we will dig young Eagle's grave
 Here on the river bank so green."

"May the Great Spirit ever keep the Cussetas,
 Is the last wish of their chief's daughter."
 Clinging to young Eagle of the Cowetas,
 High up o'er the foaming water.

"United in life and love, we know
 No power on earth shall us sever!"
 They leap to the foaming waters below,
 To rest in the Chattahoochee forever.

CLARA LEE.

Clara, the fairest of the fair—
 Lovelier form was never seen;
 Marble brow and golden hair—
 My own, my pretty, darling queen!
 Plump and rosy, dimpled cheek,
 And those pretty, ruby lips,
 And those laughing eyes that speak
 Love in its sweetest, sweetest sips!

CHORUS—Queen of love's brightest blisses,
 With a heart so gay and free—
 Queen of its sweetest kisses—
 My own, my lovely Clara Lee!

What can e'er with this compare—
 This boundless love and perfect bliss—
 But thee, my own, my Clara fair,
 In that last sweet lingering kiss?
 Lips so gently pressed together,
 Hearts against each other beat;
 Most truly we loved each other
 In that kiss, that kiss so sweet.

Chorus.

Other suns may rise and set,
 Other moons, too, may appear;
 But oh! I never will forget
 Thee, my own, my Clara dear.
 Other stars may brightly shine,
 Shine most brightly, love, for thee.
 May life's best treasures e'er be thine—
 My own, my dearest Clara Lee!

Chorus.

MOUNT DESERT.

Years ago, on this Island Mount
 Was the native Indians' home;
 Here they fished the sea for salmon
 Long before the white man come.
 Here they, their wives, sons and daughters,
 On this fair island near the bay,
 By the sparkling, bright sea waters,
 Passed their peaceful lives away.

CHORUS—Beautiful mount of emerald green,
 With beautiful, quiet, shady vales,
 The sparkling sea so near is seen,
 Dotted with white-winged sails.

Peace was always this tribe's motto;
 While the other tribes were fighting,
 They and the Jesuits would then
 The pipe of peace be lighting.
 Now all the scenes are so changed!
 The Indians roam this mount no more—
 No more their wigwam fires burn
 On this beautiful isle-girt shore.

Chorus.

Now tourists from afar here come
 To pass the summer here with thee;
 Here finding a most pleasant home
 On this green mount by the sea,
 With its high, rocky battlements
 Towering so high up to the sea;
 Its lovely, quiet, shaded valleys,
 And its high, woodland scenery.

Chorus.

MY SOUTHERN FRIEND.

Said my friend to me one day,
 " I'm going back again to roam
 Where I passed my youth away,
 In my dear Southern home.
 When I arrive at my home
 Will you accept from me
 A pair of birds? They will come
 Singing sweet notes most merrily.

CHORUS—Mocking birds, mocking birds,
 In your Southern home so free,
 Sing there sweetly the day long
 O'er that tomb for me.

Spring came and passed away,
 And the rosy summer time
 Passed with many a sunny day,
 And quickly chilly autumn came,
 With its frosts and chilly dew,
 Changing the woods to gold and red,
 And tinting in most beautiful hue
 The Southern forest overhead.

Chorus.

But my friend went home to die—
 He sleeps in his last rest,
 And the beautiful magnolia high
 Now gently waves above his breast.
 There he rests in his tomb,
 Dear Southern friend of mine—
 There the sweet japonicas bloom,
 And the jessamine round it twine.

Chorus.

THE OCEAN DEEP.

All nations' goods are here ;
Thou art one huge bazaar ;
Untold wealth thou dost contain
Of every nation, near and far.
With a larger fleet than any nation
In the whole known living world,
Which misfortune, fate and storms
Have to thy watery bosom hurled.

There rests the little cockle shell,
And ships of many ages past,
With those of our present time—
Our mighty ocean steamers fast.
Large fleets of every known nation
Now rest beneath thy waters deep—
Ready armed and manned for sea
With skeletons in their last sleep.

The high and low in station
All find in thee one common grave ;
The rich and poor are together
With the master and the slave.
The dead of every race and nation—
Women and maidens young and fair—
All find in thee their last tomb,
All in death are sleeping there.

And the numberless many men
Who proudly o'er thee daily passed,
But found their watery tomb
Beneath thy rolling waves at last.
Oh! treacherous sea, thy arms are open,
And mountain high thy billows ride;
Thou gatherest with a miser's will
Bright gems from many a fireside.

Thy ever restless tides are reaching
Up the river and the shore;
Ever reaching, ever grasping,
Madly, wildly out for more;
And the fearful, wild tornado,
Traveling all thy surface o'er,
And the tempest and the gale
Dealing death from shore to shore.



THE GREEK SLAVE.

O cruel mockery ! thus to place
Those chains on thy fair arms,
Like some beast of a race
You feared most deadly harms.
In that famed land of art,
Of science and deep learning,
That this could be thy part
Is past this day's discerning.

There thou standest with patience meek,
With thy drooping, downcast eye ;
We can almost hear thee speak,
And to our inmost thoughts reply.
Now we see thy matchless form,
All its beauties rare unfold,
In its most bewitching charm,
In the sculptured marble cold.

Thy beautiful statue we see now,
In which no life-blood flows,
And icy cold is thy marble brow,
But all the world thy beauty knows.
Immortal art, thou and thy chains,
Though thou didst live centuries ago,
Only the marble cold remains
In perfect Grecian beauty now.

OTHER LOVED ONES.

Other loved ones may betray,
 Other eyes than thine may weep
 Through the long night and day,
 Other sleepless vigils keep;
 Other hearts be crushed in sorrow,
 Other eyes that see no light,
 For the coming day to-morrow
 Bringeth to them nothing bright.

CHORUS—Cheerfully bear the burden up;
 Act well our part in life;
 Drain to the dregs each bitter cup
 In peace, but never in strife.

Other eyes be dimmed with weeping—
 Weeping for the bitter past,
 And still most bravely keeping
 The heavy burden till the last.
 Toiling on and murmuring not,
 Through a life so dark and drear;
 Hereafter they may have the lot
 Of peace for their future share.

Chorus.

THE BAY TREE.

In the wildest beauty growing
In every shaded, silent nook
In the sunny Southland,
By the lake and babbling brook.

We know when we approach thee,
Before thy leafy boughs we see,
By the sweet perfume wafted
From the blooming sweet bay tree.

In the wildest woodland,
Where little waterfalls do flow,
There you'll find the sweet bay tree—
There in beauty it doth grow.

Covered with its fragrant leaves,
Reaching up so high in air,
With its trunk and many arms
Covered with white blossoms rare.

NEW ORLEANS.

Now a most prosperous port
 On fair Louisiana's coast;
 Many piers and much shipping
 Is now thy truthful boast.
 Now white sails are unfurled
 On every ocean, far and near,
 Through the whole maritime world,
 Now bringing goods most costly here.

CHORUS—Mississippi, father of our waters,
 Passing many States quite through,
 Of all thy many fair cities,
 The Crescent is the fairest to view.

In thy stores and warehouses
 Large piles of goods are stored away,
 And large fleets of merchantmen
 Thickly at thy piers do lay.
 Thy custom-house now stands
 With its battlements so tall,
 Raised by thy commercial hands
 For the trade that must here call.

Chorus.

Noble lakes and noble bays
 Encircle thee almost around.
 On one side Lake Pontchartrain lays,
 On the other the Mississippi Sound.
 And passing more far away
 Chandeleur Bay comes to view,
 And also the Balarie Bay,
 When we another course pursue.

Chorus.

Crescent City of these sunny lands,
 These lands of cotton and of cane,
 By the noble Mississippi stands
 On Louisiana's fertile plain.
 Noble city, noble river, noble land !
 A fairer country who doth know—
 A better country—than doth stand
 By the peaceful Gulf of Mexico ?
Chorus.

THE MAGNOLIA.

King of all our flowering trees,
 Outgrowing all thy neighbors small—
 Fanned by the gentle summer breeze,
 A monarch large and tall.
 Widely thou spreadeth thy giant form—
 More beautiful tree was never seen ;
 High in the hurricane's storm,
 Decked with leaves of beautiful green.
 More beautiful leaves were never seen
 Than on thy lofty branches grow—
 Of buff, velvet and dark green,
 Most darkly shading all below.
 Huge flowers of white and gold
 Thickly cover thee all over,
 And their sweet perfume unfold
 Midst their thick leafy cover.

ROBERT BURNS.

Immortal is the name of Burns
In this and every other land ;
All hearts to his true genius turns—
His was a perfect master-hand.

He wrote with his whole heart,
The true fire within him burning,
With never an assumed part,
Or from his true course turning.

Immortal are his many songs,
So jeweled in with golden grains,
For which our heart always so longs,
As in dry summer-time for rains.

Poet of Scotland's historic hills,
Of its heather and its down,
Of its fair rivers and its rills—
Thine is the Highland poet's crown.

LAST LOVE.

Last and the best of all,
None more truer love shall see,
None more sweeter loves recall,
None more truer love than thee;
None with a brighter, purer eye,
None that does more sweetly sing;
None that does more truly try
Life's most sweetest hours to bring.

CHORUS—Lip to lip in perfect bliss,
Heart and heart meet together—
Meet with a pure, loving kiss,
Ever loving thus forever.

With thy love and winning way,
Making our life so sweet,
That we would always stay,
Casting its treasures at thy feet.
Loves that are so far apart,
In the future they may meet
Hand to hand, heart to heart,
In love's long embrace so sweet.

Chorus.

ALL.

All should have some aim in life,
Some kind mission to fulfill,
Some kind act that they can do,
And then do it with a will.

All that wish and truly try
Some kind act each day to do,
Regardless of its present cost,
Will daily find a mine that's new.

All the good they do to others
Will come back again full measure;
Not a farthing will be missed,
Nothing less will be their treasure.

All who thus their time employ,
Living and letting others live,
Will gather a rich treasure
Nothing else in life can give.

All that only live for self
Through their life-long hours,
Are only gathering dry, dead leaves,
And leaving all the living flowers.

All now try and ever be
Most open hearted unto all,
And all our acts will be rewarded
At the final last roll call.

THE TRAMP.

The winter's wind blew cold and dreary
O'er the snow-clad mountain and plain,
When a tramp, so cold and weary,
Came back to his native home again.

The frosts of many winter's bleak
Are plainly stamped upon his brow ;
His tottering footsteps, slow and weak,
Tell his tasks are most ended now.

A wanderer for many a year
In distant climes, so far away
From all that should have been so dear,
No loving friend to meet each day.

At last he reached the cottage door,
And gazes at it with gesture wild—
The cottage in which, long years before,
He left his darling wife and child.

"Tell me," he cried, in accents wild,
As soon as he reached the open door,
"Where is my wife?—where is my child?"
The answer was, "They are no more!

"In yonder church-yard they are sleeping ;
Thy wife and child are at rest ;
They are past this world's weeping—
They are numbered with the blest."

Now to the church-yard he wends his way,
 And there on the snow-clad grave
 He most fervently there did pray
 Unto Him that only can save.

When winter's morning did appear
 On that deeply snow-clad hill,
 The tramp was still kneeling there,
 But in death his heart was still.

THE RUINED PORT.

Now all the many merchantmen
 Do most proudly pass thee by,
 Or else they closely furl their sails
 Long before they do draw nigh.

Deserted is the old custom-house,
 No customs now to it doth come;
 It is as lonely and as dreary
 As a silent, grass-grown tomb.

Thy storehouses are crumbling down,
 Thy many piers are rotting fast—
 Sad monuments of better days—
 Days that long since have passed.

As we pass these old crumbling portals,
 We hear no fierce watch-dog's growl;
 Only the rats or chirping swallows,
 Or the most wildly hooting owl.

THE WEAVER.

Weaver, weave your pattern well,
 Whether it is checked or plain;
 See that all the filling is
 Evenly in the warp-threads lain.

And as the shuttle swiftly flies
 Most swiftly through the open sheds,
 Swiftly back and forth again,
 Weaving in its many threads.

How like a weaver's pattern
 Are our lives here ranged!
 Some finish as first started,
 While others many times are changed.

Weaver, start in life's morning,
 And run all life's pattern right
 From life's first early dawning
 Until its closing hours at night.

THAT LITTLE BUNCH OF FLOWERS.

That little bunch of flowers
 I gave to the sweet maiden fair,
 Now rests quite near the place
 That I long have wished to share;
 And when I see those flowers,
 There lying in peace so still,
 I think perhaps there may be
 A place there I can fill.

CHORUS—Lovely little bunch of flowers,
 That in the wild forest grew,
 Gathered beneath its shady bowers
 For you, my love, for you.

Tell me, little bunch of flowers,
 Tell me truly ere we part,
 Is there not a place for me
 With thee near that loving heart?
 Oh! sweet little bunch of flowers,
 Would that I were with thee there,
 Passing with thee the happy hours
 With that sweet maiden fair.

Chorus.

A DREAM.

I dreamed I walked by the Chattahoochee,
 In the brush by the margin of the river;
 A grim looking monster was with me,
 And we walked up the river together.
 He kept his face concealed from me,
 As swiftly onward he did stride;
 At length I slipped in the soil so free,
 And into the river I did slide.

And in the river bottom there
 Lay scattered broad before my eyes
 Rich pearls, rubies, and diamonds rare,
 And eagerly I grasped the prize.
 I dreamed I'd sipped of fortune's cup—
 I ne'er should want for wealth again;
 But awoke to find my window up,
 And myself drenching wet with rain!

EARTHQUAKE

In Northern States, August 10, 1884.

A bloodless earthquake—none were slain,
But many a building rent in twain;
And chimneys, tottering, fell down
In crumbling fragments to the ground.

And all the land and waters deep
Rocked like an infant in its sleep.
It reached the Northern section o'er,
Shaking them up from shore to shore.

Guests seated in the banquet hall
See glasses quiver and then fall,
Broken in fragments at their feet—
They almost shaken from their seat.

And rushing out, their lives to save,
Behold the coming tidal wave,
Incoming high up o'er the beach,
Almost within their very reach.

Bells in the steeples loudly rung;
Pictures and mirrors were unhung;
Some from carriages were thrown out,
And cars like toys rocked about.

Vessels from their moorings break,
 And fearfully the earth did quake;
 Some on the ground there senseless lie,
 And others in sore anguish cry.

Others kneel in humble prayer;
 Others with oaths did curse and swear;
 Others rush wildly from their home,
 Deeming earth's last day had come.

THE MAY FLOWER.

First to bloom in the North land—
 Sweetest and the best of all,
 Peeping out from 'neath the snow
 With your sweet blossoms small.

But you are too sweet to stay
 Only for a short time there;
 Your beauty all soon fades away,
 When your sweet blossoms disappear.

Sweet flower of the chilly North,
 'Tis a wonder how you ever grow,
 And all your fragrance sweet distill
 Under the deeply frozen snow.

No, there is no wonder there
 When all thy inmost life is told—
 Thy fragrance is sweet, thy flowers rare,
 But like the North thy heart is cold.

TWIN MOUNTAINS.

Twin mountains on one island small,
Round which the tide doth ebb and flow,
With their lofty peaks so tall,
Guarding the peaceful vales below.

All smooth and calm to the eye
Their outward surface doth appear ;
But deeply hidden there doth lie
A burning, pent-up fire there.

Hidden perhaps for many a year,
Under their surface so fair to view,
But most surely it will appear
When the old fire breaks out anew.

All their fair surface then will rock
Their beautiful hills and valleys o'er,
With a sudden, fearful shock
Like the wild tornado's roar.

And all those hills sink from sight,
And all those vales be lost to view
In the depths of endless night,
Far under the deep tidal waves below.

Rest now beneath the ocean deep ;
Lost now forever from our sight ;
Silent death thy vigils keep
In the depths of endless night.

THE HAUNTED HILL.

When to this fate thou wast dedicated,
 Thou wast then a lonely hill ;
 Far from the town separated,
 Where the creek passed by so still.

To-day thou standeth among the steeples
 Of a large and busy town—
 Silent and shunned by its peoples,
 Who with dread on thee look down.

No flower blooms upon thy sides ;
 No one tills thy verdant soil ;
 No gay equipage o'er thee rides ;
 No, nor walk the sons of toil.

Thou hast a sad, sad history ;
 Truly thou art unhallowed ground ;
 Thou hast long been a mystery
 To which the key could not be found.

Tradition unto us doth tell
 Scenes that were enacted long ago—
 Of martyred innocents that fell,
 And were here in death laid low.

No one owns or claims thee ;
 None on thy surface will dwell ;
 All want themselves quite free
 Of the curse of the Haunted Hill.

THE OLD FARM-HOUSE.

There stands the same old farm-house,
Vine-clad as it was that day,
Where we those days, those years ago,
So gaily passed our youths away.

The same old lilac-tree is there,
So brightly blooming in the spring,
Lading with perfume so sweet
The air in which the birds did sing.

Oft in the meadows we have stayed
Through the long summer day,
Gathering beautiful red lilies
As they were mown with the hay.

And close to the meadow lay the lake,
Shining like silver in the sun;
And there we oft did gather
White water-lilies one by one.

Near the meadow and its sluggish stream,
Wending its way down into the lake,
All was still in midsummer's dream,
Where the haymakers the hay did make.

And just beyond the meadows green,
Mount Pizgah greets the rising sun,
And like some fair, majestic queen,
Bids it farewell when the day is done.

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